

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

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Saturday, October 2, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. II.

For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry stay,—save Innocence and Heav'n.

THOMPSON.

MATILDA reached her father's cottage just as the sun withdrew its last ray. The inhabitants of the village were all retired within their huts; and the stillness of the scene around increased the gloom of her spirits. She approached their humble mansion—the door was closed—it was unusual—and her heart beat high with apprehension.—With a fluttering hand she raised the latch, and beheld the venerable Leonard seated in an arm-chair, supported by cushions. In an instant she was at his feet.

"Ah! Matilda," said he, in a feeble voice, "I feared I should never see thee more!—But what means this sudden return?"

Matilda could not speak: she pressed his hand to her lips, and, hiding her face in his lap, sobbed bitterly.

"Matilda," exclaimed Leonard, drawing her still nearer to his heart, "I am dying—I shall soon join my sainted Pauline."

"Oh! my father," cried Matilda, "do not say so—what will become of your child? She will not have a friend on earth, when you are gone, to supply your loss."

She then explained to him her situation. He heard her with astonishment; and when

she had finished, he clasped his arms round her, and exclaimed, with emotion—

"Fear not, my child—Heaven will reward your virtue. Trust to that Providence which has hitherto never deserted you. It gives me great satisfaction to find that the meanness of thy education has not obscured the lustre of thy birth."

Matilda, surprised at his words, interrogated him as to their meaning.

"It is useless, my child," said he, to conceal the truth from you: the period approaches when all deception must end:—Know then, Matilda, you are not my daughter.—I once was servant to a nobleman of distinguished merit; my faithful services endeared me both to him and my lady, who ever distinguished me from the rest of their domestics; and, when I courted Pauline, they portioned her, and settled me in the cottage where I have dwelt ever since. My lord died soon after I quit- ted his service.—Alack! then there were sad doings!—his brother, a man cruel and imperious, came to the castle, and forcibly took possession of the estate; accusing my lady of holding criminal intercourse with one of the domestics, by that means attempting to prove the infant illegitimate; but, at the same time pretending to compassion- ate her on account of her youth and beauty, he had her sent to a nunnery, where, in all probability, she has long since ended her days.

"One evening, as we were sitting down to our homely meal, Pauline and I were alarmed by the trampling of horses close to our cottage; and presently our door was opened by a well-drest man, who delivered into my hands a lovely little infant, for which, in the ever-honoured name of my dear lady, he besought my protection. He excused himself from explaining particulars, but informed me, that it was the wish

of his lady that you should be kept, as long as possible, ignorant of your real parents, nor was I even permitted to reveal your name under any circumstances whatever. The only memorial of your identity is a small locket, which you will find in the drawer of that little cabinet, the gift of your unfortunate mother to my wife: by that token you may one day be discovered. Till then rest satisfied; and remember, my Matilda, in all your hours of adversity, that a superior Power guides your fate, and that the Supreme Judgment is unerring:—learn, then, to bear with resignation whatever ills may befall you!"

Matilda, unwilling to distress him with her own emotions, suppressed, as much as possible, her feelings; and his increased illness took from her all other concern, and she attended him with unceasing care. Her tender zeal soothed the pains of infirmity, but could not prolong his existence beyond its limited period; and, a few days after her arrival at the cottage, Leonard expired in her arms!

Overpowered with grief, Matilda continued motionless at the bed-side of Leonard, until awakened to a painful sense of her desolate situation by the old woman who had attended him since the death of Pauline—who wondered, she declared, what good fretting and crying there would do."

Matilda, thinking it advisable to make this woman her friend, rose from her suppliant posture, and, wiping away her tears, assured Maud she would do whatever she thought best; then, with a forced composure, seated herself at the table, and affected to partake of the repast with which Maud was plentifully regaling herself. Her politeness gratified the old lady, who, in her turn, began to take more complacent notice of her companion.

"And so, miss," said she, in a voice

ther softened, "you have lost your father!—Ah! well—it's a sad thing, to be sure; but, pray, what is it you mean to do now?—you are not strong enough for hard work."

"Any thing, good Maud," replied Matilda; "I am not ashamed to earn an honest livelihood by labour, should I find it necessary."

"That's right," replied Maud; "for most girls now are too proud or too lazy to work. When I was a girl—"

Matilda, unwilling to hear the recapitulation of her youthful exploits, interrupted her, by saying—"Truly, Maud, my situation is a melancholy one!"

"Melancholy enough!" returned the old woman, shrugging her shoulders, and looking apprehensively around; "for my own part, I don't much like moping here with a coffin in the room;—'tis very dismal, and I hope it will be soon removed."

To this feeling harangue Matilda made no reply. The next words of Maud caught her attention:—

"To be sure," resumed she, "I could tell you of a situation, where you would not be very hard-worked; but that would not be much better than burying yourself alive."

"Name it, I entreat you," said Matilda, impatiently.

"It is to take charge of a mad lady," said Maud.

"A mad lady!" re-echoed the disappointed Matilda; but, recollecting herself, she resumed:—but is she very bad—incurable?"

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed the woman, crossing herself; "how should I know? I will tell you all the story—that you may judge.—A great baron, William de Barome I think his name was, rebelled against the King of England, and, after his affairs were settled, refusing to give up his son as an hostage, was ordered by King John into confinement, with all his family. The baron, however, made his escape; and it is supposed that the lady found means to dispose of the child, for neither have been heard of since: she is now under the care of Sir Roger de Lacy, and is reported to be raving mad. I have a sister who has attended her these two years, in a lone castle; but she writes me word that she is tired of the solitary life she leads, and means to resign her place, though she does not care to leave the poor soul without an attendant. I would offer myself to supply her place, but am too old to go travelling about now; so I think you might undertake it, if you are not afraid to cross the ocean."

"Never fear," said Matilda: "if you are willing to recommend me, I will not let trifling obstacles impede me."

They then parted, Maud to arrange her household concerns, and Matilda to inspect the cabinet mentioned by Leonard. Within the drawers she found the locket described: it was in the form of an eagle supporting a coronet; the wings of the bird beautifully shaded with coloured gems; the coronet of rubies; on the back was a device in dark hair, with a cypher, W. B. In another drawer she found a folded paper, in which was gold and silver coin to the amount of about a hundred and fifty pounds, and a plait of light auburn hair. On the envelope was written in the hand of Leonard—"The gift of my lady to Pauline du Pont; preserved entire for the use of her daughter Matilda."

Matilda was sensibly affected at the benevolent intentions of Leonard, and her tears flowed unrestrained.—Knowing it would not be in her power to take the large cabinet with her, she packed her little memorials in a separate case, and prepared to give orders for the interment of Leonard. When his remains were consigned to their native earth, she felt all the affliction of a daughter. The debt of gratitude paid, Matilda waited in anxious suspense, the answer to a letter of introduction which she had written to Mrs. Barlow, Maud's sister; and tedious did the time seem that intervened. At length her uneasiness was removed by the arrival of a favourable answer from Mrs. Barlow, who readily resigned her office.

In a few days all was ready for Matilda's departure, and her passage taken in a trading vessel then bound for England. In respect to Maud, Matilda presented her with their little cottage, and all the effects they possessed; and, after writing an affectionate farewell letter to Lady de Warrenne, visited the grave of Leonard, and bedewed it with the tears of sensibility; then, with a heart more oppressed than usual, stepped into the boat which was to convey her to the ship. A faint sickness came over her as she was lifted up the side of the vessel. The sailors paid her every attention, kindly seated her on deck, and wrapping a watch-coat round her, left her to her own meditations; while they, with cheerful hearts, weighed anchor, and, a favourable gale springing up, soon lost sight of land.

CHAP. III.

Ah! how beauties masters the most strong,
And simple truth subdues avenging wrong!
—SPENCER.

FORTUNATELY there were other female passengers on board, from whom Matilda experienced the utmost kindness during her sickness, which was excessive; and her joy was great, when, after a tedious passage, they arrived at Torbay, from whence she could proceed with ease, to the place of her destination.

At the place appointed, she was met by the man who was sent by Mrs. Barlow, to conduct her to the castle, and who had been several days waiting the arrival of the ship. He greeted her in his uncouth dialect; and Matilda, sick, spiritless, or probably not comprehending him, mounted the horse provided for her in silence, which the man, offended at her reserve, did not attempt to break: in this cheerless manner they travelled near fourteen miles across a country rugged and barren. Accustomed to a warmer climate, Matilda found the cold bleak air intense; but the man, hardened to his native soil, felt not the inconvenience that her repeated shiverings declared her to suffer.

At length they arrived at the gates of a large gloomy-looking castle. Her conductor, alighting, sounded a horn, which, echoing through the vaulted roof, made the heart of Matilda shrink back, appalled. After waiting a considerable time, the rusty hinges began to creak; the gate was opened, and a woman made her appearance, who soon announced herself to be Mrs. Barlow.—Casting her piercing eyes upon the trembling girl, she muttered something in a disconcerted tone; and, with a slight inclination of her head, led the way into a small saloon, furnished more commodiously than could have been expected from the external appearance of the building. When seated, Matilda had an opportunity of observing her companion, who, in her turn, paid no less attention to the dress and person of her guest.

The personal attractions of Mrs. Barlow were by no means prepossessing: her tall bony figure could boast but little elegance or symmetry in the formation; and a pair of sharp-twinkling grey eyes, divided by a nose of enormous length, gave little charms to a countenance furrowed by age.

"You may well be surprised, child," said she, observing that Matilda surveyed her with a look of astonishment, "you may well be surprised, I say, that a person of my pretensions should bury myself in this frightful solitude, to associate with none but lunatics or ignorant country boors; but I assure you, so far from wishing to enter the gay world, it is my sole desire to hide myself from the sight of man, where I shall

be sure to avoid the temptations which delude so many of my sex into the paths of vice.—But, I declare, I find this incessant confinement too much for my spirits; and my constitution, naturally delicate, is materially injured; so that I am glad you are come, for you look so dismally, that this place will be quite in your own style.”

Matilda, in hopes to escape from her affected hostess, complained of fatigue, and requested to retire. Mrs. Barlow, with much good nature, made her some tea, and then conducted her into a neatly furnished chamber, where she told her she might rest that night, but that on the next she must take possession of her chamber.

Matilda gladly wished her a good-night. After offering up her orisons to Heaven for her safety, she prepared to take that repose which she was so much in need of. In the morning Mrs. Barlow came into her apartment, and ordered her to prepare to visit their unfortunate maniac.—Matilda instantly dressed herself, and followed her conductress through a long gallery, hung round on each side with whole-length portraits of the celebrated warriors who had distinguished themselves in the family of De Lacy for centuries past. The next apartment they came to, was a kind of armoury, from whence issued a pair of folding doors, thro' which they passed. In a magnificently furnished room stood a sofa, upon which reclined a lovely woman, in an elegant, but careless undress. She raised herself at their entrance, and fixed her eyes on Matilda with a vacant stare, who beheld with lively compassion, her piteous state. Her hair, a bright flaxen, hung dishevelled over her face and neck, and the most perfect insensibility sat on every feature.

Matilda softened into tears, gazed mournfully on the fair sufferer, who was tying in careless locks, her long tresses. Mrs. Barlow soon contrived to draw Matilda from the room, and, leading her through the several apartments, instructed her in the nature of her new situation.

“This room,” said she, speaking of one adjoining that in which they had left Lady Barome, “you may consider as your own: within it is the one where my lady sleeps; beyond it is a library where you will find drawing and writing materials; the picture gallery is your boundary, which you are never to pass beyond, except on particular occasions. Whenever you want any thing, ring the bell, and Margery will attend you. Your sole business is to dress and undress my lady, walk with her on the ramparts, a privilege she is necessarily allowed, and attend her at meals: the rest

of your time you may occupy as you please. She is attended once a week by a physician, and sometimes Sir William takes it into his head to visit the castle: on these occasions you must keep yourself as much as possible secreted. Margery will tell you of their approach.

The comfortable air the place wore, to what she had been led to expect, filled her with a gleam of satisfaction; and the hope that her assiduous care might, in time, assist in recalling reason to the unhappy lady, made her determine to brave all other disagreeables, and she acquainted Mrs. Barlow with her settled resolution to attend upon Lady Barome.

Mrs. Barlow departed the next day, and Matilda repaired to the apartment of her lady, and assisted her to arise, who soon after sat down to her breakfast. A harp stood in one corner of the room, which Matilda, after running her fingers over the chords, found to be in tolerable tune. As Lady Warrenne had taken great pains to instruct her on that instrument, she was rather a proficient, and soon struck off a lively French air. The next which she chose was a plaintive, affecting strain, which she accompanied with her melodious voice.—Wholly absorbed in her pleasing occupation, she for a while forgot her accustomed attention to Lady Barome, who had risen from her seat, and hung enraptured upon Matilda's chair. Perceiving the effect of the music, she continued to play, without appearing to notice her. In a little time she perceived the tears fall slowly down her cheeks. She then ceased playing, and Lady Barome, clasping her hands together, exclaimed—

“Oh! you are an angel!”

Matilda, joyful at her approaching return of reason, took this opportunity to inform her of the change in her household; but ere her tale was finished, the wandering senses of the beautiful sufferer were again fled. From that time Lady Barome had many short lucid intervals, during which she seemed to manifest the strongest partiality for Matilda, who omitted nothing that could contribute to soften the severity of her malady.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF

Passwan Oglu, or Pazman Ohlu.

(From the American Literary Advertiser.)

OSMAN, Pazman Ohlu's grandfather, had been in Phillippopolis, Adrianople and Widdin, one of the watchmen who in the large Turkish cities are appointed to guard during night, the warehouses of the mer-

chants. He was poor; but his integrity acquired him the favor and esteem of his superiors. At the commencement of the war with Russia in 1753, he entered into the army, and so distinguished himself at an attack in the Kraina, that the Grand Vizier, as a reward for his valour, raised him to the rank of a Serdengets Hi-Agani, or nobleman and land owner. Osman continued with the army during the whole war; and his Sovereign, the Grand Signor, as a mark of his satisfaction and favour, conferred upon him the lordship of Parabin, in Moldavia, with all its appurtenances. On his newly acquired estate, he endeavoured by every means in his power to gain the affection and attachment of his subjects; he resided at Widden, where a son was born to him, named Omar Aga, to whom he gave a good education after the Turkish manner. Omar Aga, as well as his father enjoyed the favor of the Grand Signor, who appointed him a Bassi-Aga, i. e. chief over several districts. He had two sons: one of them was called Osman, and has become famous by the name of Pazman Ohlu; the other, Ibrahim Beg, is at present a merchant at Constantinople, having been from early youth educated for that profession, Osman, or Pazman, Ohlu, i. e. Son of the Night-watchman, whom his father caused to be instructed in different branches of knowledge relating to politics, economics, and military affairs, resided at Widden. In the year 1785, a quarrel ensued between him and his father, who lived upon his estates. Both raised men in their respective possessions; and the son made frequent and successful attacks on the troops of his father. The principal inhabitants of Widdin, however interposed; and in 1788, the father was obliged to submit to the humiliation of suing for peace. Concord being thus re-established betwixt them, they immediately joined their forces in Widdin, over which city they afterwards exercised a sovereign power, independent of the Grand Signor; and from the whole district either expelled by force, or, by politic and artful measures endeavoured to frighten away, all those who might have been able to oppose them.

In 1788, the Seraskier Melek Mehmed Bassa was sent with an army of 12,000 men against these usurpers, and the bassaship of Widdin promised him, if he should succeed in driving them from that city. For three months the contest continued with various success, and in the many conflicts that took place a great number of men fell. Both sides; at last, however, Osman and his father, finding it impossible to maintain

themselves against a regular army fled with 600 of their adherents to the Prince Man-royeny in Wallachia. The Prince received them under his protection, appointed them Bir Bassas, i. e. commanders of a 1,000 men, and sent the father, Omar, to reside at Csernetz, and Pazman Ohlu to Gyurgyero.

On the approach of the Imperial troops, Omar Aga found it impossible to remain any longer with safety in Csernetz, and was forced to fly across the Danube; and, accompanied by only 17 men, continued his flight as far as Kulla, about 18 miles distant from Widdin. As soon as the Bassa of Widdin was informed of his arrival at that place, he immediately dispatched 1000 men under the command of Ibrahim Bey, to intercept and seize him. Omar Aga retreated into an old castle in the neighbourhood, where, with his 17 followers, he valiantly defended himself for three days, received 7 wounds, and lost one man. On the fourth day, the Bey took the castle by storm; when the 16 soldiers were by his orders, cut to pieces, and Ormar Aga and his secretary Mula Ibrahim, taken prisoners. As the Bey approached Widdin, the people assembled tumultuously in great numbers, and demanded of the Bassa to release the captives. A general insurrection in favour of Omar was apprehended. But the Bassa, to prevent the evil consequences that might ensue from the presence of his enemy, dispatched a courier to the Bey, with orders to cause the two prisoners to be privately beheaded. This order was immediately executed; and a report being spread abroad, that Omar Aga had saved himself by flight, they succeeded in pacifying the people.

No sooner was Pazman Ohlu informed of the death of his father, than, meditating revenge, he collected about 2,000 men, passed the Danube in 1789, and posted himself in Banya Luca betwixt Widdin and Nissa, where he kept up a correspondence with his friends at Widdin, and on every occasion endeavoured to encrease the number of his troops. Many of the inhabitants of Widdin especially, joined his standard; and by degrees his little army was augmented to 5,000 men; many, who remained in the city, but were dissatisfied with the Bassa, promised to open the gates to him. Encouraged by these promises, he attacked the city in the night, and with the assistance of the inhabitants got possession of the fort without firing a single shot. He now called the Bassa to account; but on his producing a firman from the Sultan, authorising his proceedings against Ormar Aga,

Pazman granted him his life; but forced him to disband the 1,000 soldiers under his command, and allowed him to retain only his household. Having thus become master of Widdin, he committed the administration of all affairs to a certain Bekir Aga, a man above sixty years of age, and nearly related to him; but he himself repaired with his troops to join the army of the Grand Vizier, Isuf Bassa, in Vetislam: the Vizier received him with particular marks of friendship, and put an additional corps of 6,000 men under his command, with whom he was ordered to pass the Morava, and to hinder the siege of Belgrade. At the Morava he fell in with an Imperial free corps, which, after a bloody conflict, in which he lost 3,000 men, forced him to fly with 300. After this he continued three months with the Vizier, and then returned to Widdin, where he lived in tranquillity and retirement till 1792, without interfering in political or economical affairs. At last he demanded of Bekir Aga, who had amassed very great riches, an account of his administration, and on his refusal to justify himself, Pazman Ohlu ordered him to be sabred to pieces, and siezed his immense property.

In the mean time a new Bassa, called Alchio Bassa, was sent to Widdin. He acquainted the Porte with the power of Pazman Ohlu, and the support he might derive from the attachment of the inhabitants of Widdin; and requested a reinforcement of 12,000 men, to enable him to remove this dangerous man out of the way. In consequence of this representation, a firman was issued to send Pazman Ohlu's head to Constantinople; but the Bassa could not put it in execution without being supported by a sufficient body of troops. On receiving intelligence of the firman, Pazman Ohlu hastily collected all his forces, and with 2,000 of his faithful adherents attacked the Bassa, who had 3,000 men under his command, defeated him in the midst of the fort, forced him to surrender, to dismiss all his troops, except a body guard of 300 men, and to promise to obtain his pardon from the Porte. For some time after this the Bassa and Pazman Ohlu lived together on apparently friendly terms. But when in May 1792, the latter went into the country with 60 of his retinue, to leave, agreeably to the custom of the Turks, the horses at pasture; the Bassa hastened after him with about 300 soldiers and domestics, and came up with him at the village Lactsar, 9 miles from Widdin. A bloody conflict ensued: Pazman Ohlu, with 30 of his men was sur-

rounded in a house; but escaped in disguise, with a few followers. His pursuers again overtook him, but Pazman Ohlu having now collected a considerable number of his adherents, the Bassa was, after a battle which lasted three hours, obliged to retreat, wounded, and with the loss of about 200 men. Pazman Ohlu retired to Sewerlik-Banya, concealed himself there about 15 days, sounded the sentiments of the inhabitants of Widdin and the surrounding country, and the people, being every where much attached to him, soon assembled a body of about 3,000 men. In June 1792, he a second time took Widdin by surprise, having kept up his former secret correspondence with the citizens; and in the same night chased the Bassa and all his adherents out of the city; after which he garrisoned both the city and the fort with his own troops. The Porte now sent Pekmesks Bassa to Widdin, with a commission to propose a reconciliation to Pazman Ohlu. This envoy remained two years inactive, and with a narrowly circumscribed authority in Widdin. Soon after appeared the edict of the Sultan, by which the Janissaries as well as Spahis were to be abolished, and from a part of them a regular standing army formed like that of the other European powers. On this subject there were great disputes and divisions in the Divan itself. The Chief Mufti, who was at the head of the party which opposed the measure, caused the notion to be secretly spread among the people, that this innovation was contrary to the doctrines of the Great Prophet, and that true believers were not only bound not to co-operate in putting the decree in execution but even enjoined to oppose it with all their might. The Janissaries, who had behaved badly in defending against the Austrians and Russians some fortified places where they were stationed in garrison, were, notwithstanding all opposition, driven with the loss of all their goods from their dwellings; and the mountaineers Kerschalis, who had offered their services to put the Sultan's order in force, were appointed to supply their places. Pazman Ohlu did not let so favourable an opportunity pass without turning it to his advantage; he declared himself the defender of the Janissaries and Spahis, and thus every were acquired a great number of adherents. The opposition party in the Divan itself sided with him; and the Janissaries, and all the malecontents, throughout the empire, looked up to him as their guardian angel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RAPID DISORGANISATION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

A LETTER to Gen. William Shepherd containing information, that on the night of the 16th day of March, 1802, in one of the towns of the state of Massachusetts, the body of an elderly woman evaporated, and disappeared from some internal and unknown cause, in the duration of about one hour and an half. Part of the family had gone to bed, and the rest were abroad. The old woman remained awake to take care of the House. By and by one of the grand children came home, and discovered the floor near the hearth to be on fire. An alarm was made, a light brought, and means taken to extinguish it. While these things were doing, some singular appearances were observed on the hearth and contiguous floor.—There was a sort of greasy sut and ashes, with the remains of a human body, and an unusual smell in the room. All the clothes were consumed, and the grandmother was missing. It was at first supposed she had, in attempting to light her pipe of tobacco, fallen into the fire, and been burned to death. But on considering how small the fire was, and that so total a consumption could scarcely have happened if there had been ten times as much, there is more reason to conclude that this is another case of that spontaneous decomposition of the human body, of which there are several instances on record. It is to be regretted that the particulars have not been more carefully noted. [Med. Rep.]

The above extract, which has lately appeared in most of the newspapers in the United States, is introduced for the purpose of corroborating it by similar facts, and evidencing that this phenomenon is by no means singular. The following cases are taken from a work published in Philadelphia in the year 1785, entitled, "A General Compendium, or Abstract of Chemical, Experimental and Natural Philosophy. By Charles Vancouver, Member of the Dublin Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c."—Whether the speculations which accompany them calculated to throw light on the nature and causes of that fire, which so rapidly and almost instantaneously consumes the human frame, is problematical. On a subject, involved at present in such darkness, every reader must be left to form his own opinion. We have little hesitation, however, in rejecting the idea that it is miraculous. It is doubtless founded on some principle of nature, which at a future day will probably be ascertained. There is one circumstance that deserves particular notice, and that is, that if not all, the subjects of this internal fire are females.

THE EXTRACT.

"A WOMAN at Paris, who used to drink brandy to excess, was one night reduced to ashes by a fire from within; all but her head and the ends of her fingers. Signora Corn. Zangari, or as others called her, Corn Bandi, an aged lady of an unblemished life, near Cesena in Romagna, underwent the same fate, in March 1731. She had retired in the evening into her chamber, somewhat indisposed; and in the morning was found in the middle of the room, reduced to ashes, all except her skull, face, legs, and three fingers. The stockings and shoes she had on were not burnt in the least. The ashes were light, and, on pressing between the fingers, vanished, leaving behind a gross offensive moisture, with which the floor was smeared; the walls and furniture of the room being covered with a moist ashy soot, which had not only stained the linen in the chests, but had penetrated into the closet, as well as into the room over head, the walls of which were moistened with the same viscous or slimy humour. We have various other relations of persons burnt to death in this unaccountable manner.

"Sig. Mondini, Bianchini and Maffei, have written treatises express to account for the cause of so extraordinary an event: common fire it could not be, since this would likewise have burnt the bed and the room, besides that it would have required many hours, and a vast quantity of fuel, to reduce a human body to ashes; and after all a considerable part of the bones would have remained entire, as they were anciently found after the fiercest funeral fires.—Some attribute the effect to a mine of sulphur under the house; others, to a miracle; while others suspect that art or villainy had a hand in it. A philosopher of Verona maintains, that such a conflagration might have arisen from the inflammable matter which with the human body naturally abounds. Signior Bianchini accounts for the conflagration of the lady above mentioned, from her using a bath or lotion of camphorated spirit of wine, when she found herself indisposed. Maffei supposes it owing to lightning, but to lightning generated in her own body, agreeably to his doctrine, which is, that lightning does not proceed from the clouds, but is always produced in the place where it is seen, and its effects perceived. We have had a late attempt to establish the opinion, that these destroying internal fires are caused in the entrails of the body by enflamed effluvia of the blood; by juices and fermentations in the stomach; by the many combustible matters which abound in living bodies for the purposes of life; and

finally, by the fiery evaporations which exhale from the settlings of spirit of wine, brandies, and other hot liquors, in the tunica villosa of the stomach, and other adipose of fat membranes, within which those spirits engender a kind of camphor, which in the night time, in sleep, by a full respiration, are put in a stronger motion, and are more likely to be set on fire. Others ascribe the cause of such persons being set on fire, to lightning, and their burning so entirely, to the greater quantity of phosphorus, and other combustible matter they contain. For our own part we can by no means pretend to explain the cause of such phenomenon: but for the interests of humanity we wish it could be derived from something external to the human body; for if to the calamities of human life already known, we superadd a suspicion that we may unexpectedly, and without the least warning, be consumed by an internal fire, the thought is too dreadful to be borne."

* See note to pag. 25, vol. I. of the above work.

Medical.

From the Connecticut Gazette.

MR. GREEN,

I Noticed in your last paper authority adduced from Scripture (no doubt with great correctness) of ancient usages, to confirm the modern practice of the use of oil, and that the particular attention of gentlemen possessing the healing art was requested on the subject.

As one of the sons of Esculapius I would remark to the public, that a book in the Italian language has been published, giving an account of the successful method of cure in the Plague; with Olive Oil, which has been discovered by Mr. Baldwin, and by him communicated to the Rev. Lewis de Pavia, chaplain and agent to the Hospital called St. Anthony's, in Smyrna; who after five years experience, pronounced it to be the most efficacious remedy hitherto made use of for the space of twenty-seven years, during which the Hospital had been under his management.

The directions are simply to have the body rubbed briskly, for four minutes, with warm oil, and it is said to bring on a profuse sweating. The oil made use of should be free from rancidity. There has been no instance of a person rubbing the patient receiving the infection.

An observation of Mr. Baldwin deserves particular notice; that among upwards of a million of persons carried off by the plague in Upper and Lower Egypt, in the course

of four years, he could not discover a single oil-man, or a dealer in oil.

From the late improvements in physic we are easily led to understand the operation of the oil, believing as we do with the learned Dr. Mitchell, that contagion, or the matter of pestilence, is of an acid nature; which discovery has been so happily and successfully elucidated by him, that very few withhold their assent, viewing this as an established point.

The chemical experiments of Chaptal inform us of the strong affinity there is between an acid and an oil; that their union naturally takes place, it being the oxygenous particles of the air which dispose oils to rancidity, and that it loses the property of an acid after their union. From whence I infer, that the principle of acidity in which poison or the cause of Fever may consist, will be rendered quite inert after its coalescence with an oil. I am so fully persuaded of it, that I have no hesitation in recommending it for the relief of pestilential diseases, as well as for the bite of rabid animals.

CURE FOR THE FEVER AND AGUE.

We are indebted for the following Recipe for the Fever and Ague to a gentleman of this city, who has made several recent applications of it, with uniform and complete success:—

Take 3 drachms of best Peruvian bark, 1½ drachm of Venus Treacle, the juice of 2 lemons, (or 30 drops of the essence of lemon); mix them with a gill and a half of Port wine, in a vial. Of this mixture take one third in the morning, one third at noon, and the remainder at night, the day the fit is expected to come on. One application of the medicine in this manner, is sufficient.

USEFUL HINT FOR STUDENTS.

A German Physician, in the *Universal Gazette*, (a journal of great merit) recommends to persons occupied in sedentary labours, to live as much as possible, on leguminous food, and to add to it, in winter, a little meat with much bread; but he advises those who are employed in fatiguing bodily labours, to substitute cake (*pâte de farine*) for bread.

Economical.

ALMOST daily discoveries are making of the economical uses of that valuable root the *Potatoe*; and among others, may be noticed that of Mr. Hoff, of Berlin, who

makes a sort of rice (as he calls it) from potatoes, by granulating them on a machine, invented by him, thro' which the potatoes, after being boiled, and the skin taken off, are pressed. The grains that are thus prepared, want only some broth, to make a very nutritive soup. They keep for a long time, and may be preserved in magazines. Of 10 pounds of this potatoe meal, and 10 pounds of wheat flour, 30 pounds of bread may be baked.

A Swedish Agriculturist has lately communicated to *Le Nord Litteraire*, the following process, which he has employed successfully for some years past to protect his fruit trees from the first frosts of spring. As soon as it begins to grow cold in autumn, he pours large quantities of water about the trunks of his trees, that the roots may receive an early impression of the cold; in spring he accumulates snow around them, which retards vegetation, and prevents the trees from blossoming too soon. By this means the buds do not shoot forth until they have no longer any thing to fear from the attacks of the frost, so frequent during the nights of spring.

Amusement.

ANCIENT ANGLING.

PLUTARCH, speaking of angling, informs us that Mark Antony and Cleopatra, in the midst of their unparalleled splendour, passed many of their hours in that tranquil amusement. He also mentions a deception reciprocally played off by those two royal personages upon each other. The whole business of angling may indeed be said to be deceptive, and therefore tricks in that art should be excused. But let me hasten to the tale:

"Antony, (says Plutarch) went one day to angle with Cleopatra; and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he was much dissatisfied, and gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes which had been fresh taken, upon his hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick: she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity, and mentioned the circumstance to her friends; at the same time inviting them to come and see him angle. Accordingly a very large company went out in the fishing vessels; and, as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants, to be before hand with Antony, and, diving into the water, to

fix upon his hook a *salted fish*, one of those that had been brought from the Euxine sea." It does not appear how Antony relished this imposition from his fair associate.

WHILST the American army was encamped on the banks of the Hudson, a private soldier, one day, when off duty, amused himself with climbing one of those high mountains in the vicinity. When he had reached the pinnacle, his mind was so expanded with the amazing height he found himself from the surface of the water, and the vast extent his eye reached, that he stretched out his right hand and gave the following word of command: *Attention, the Universe—By kingdoms, to the right wheel—march!*

ELOCUTION.

VIRGIL pronounced his own verses with such an enticing sweetness, that Julius Montanus, a poet, who had often heard him, used to say, that, "he could steal Virgil's verses if he could steal his voice, expression, and gesture; for the same verses that sounded so rapturously when he read them, were not always excellent in the mouth of another."

IT is related of a clergyman in the north of England, who lived to a very great age, that during his life-time, he married and buried his father and mother; he also christened his wife, and when he married her, published the banns himself.

SOME time during the American Revolutionary War, a gentleman in the South of France, who was much respected, died. An uncommon concourse of people attended his funeral. On their way to the place of interment some accident disturbed a nest of hornets who immediately commenced an attack upon the bearers of the corps. They fell back on the mourners; the mourners on those next them, and so on till the confusion became general. Those in the rear thinking some dreadful thing had happened, fled, and the rest followed, until they ran themselves out of breath—when they began to look back, and at length became sensible of the real ground of alarm!—Some wags have applied this anecdote to the inhabitants of Philadelphia and Wilmington, on a late occasion; though we think without much justice.

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 2, 1802.

Those of our Subscribers who yet remain in the country are requested to send for their papers, or leave directions at the Office how they are to be forwarded. Those who may not have been regularly served for some weeks previous to the suspension of the publication, (on account of the indisposition of one of the carriers) can have their file completed at any time, by sending to the Office, or mentioning the deficient numbers to the carrier who serves them.

From Poulson's American Daily Advertiser.

Number of Interments in the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, during the Month of August, ending each day at noon.

	Adults.	Children.	Total.
August 1, }			
— 2, }	17	24	41
— 3, }			
— 4, }	8	11	19
— 5, }	4	6	10
— 6, }	2	8	10
— 7, }	1	6	7
— 8, }			
— 9, }	4	14	18
— 10, }	10	5	15
— 11, }	4	5	9
— 12, }	0	4	4
— 13, }	2	2	4
— 14, }	3	2	5
— 15, }	7	15	22
— 16, }	5	6	11
— 17, }	2	1	3
— 18, }	3	3	6
— 19, }	1	3	4
— 20, }	2	3	5
— 21, }			
— 22, }	1	6	7
— 23, }			
— 24, }	5	3	8
— 25, }	3	5	8
— 26, }	5	3	8
— 27, }	5	4	9
— 28, }	4	3	7
— 29, }	8	7	15
— 30, }			
— 31, }	3	4	7
TOTALS,	109	153	262

Interments during the Month of September, ending each day at noon—and the state of the Thermometer in an open entry, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

	Adults.	Child.	Total.	Therm.
Sept. 1,	3	7	10	85
— 2,	3	1	4	77
— 3,	6	7	13	74
— 4,	2	3	5	76
— 5, }	5	6	11	67
— 6, }				68
— 7,	8	2	10	67
— 8,	3	7	10	71
— 9,	6	2	8	74
— 10,	4	4	8	75
— 11,	4	3	7	74
— 12, }	13	8	21	80
— 13, }				82
— 14,	2	1	3	87
— 15,	8	4	12	88
— 16,	4	6	10	87
— 17,	4	3	7	81
— 18,	8	1	9	70
— 19, }	12	10	22	69
— 20, }				80
— 21,	4	5	8	83
— 22,	4	4	8	76
— 23,	8	4	12	68
— 24,	7	3	10	64
— 25,	11	3	14	64
— 26, }	15	5	20	65
— 27, }				68
— 28,	14	2	16	65
— 29,	10	4	14	63
— 30,	10	1	11	64
TOTALS,	178	106	284	

The returns of Interments for the month of July have not yet been received.

The returns of the City Clerk of the number of Deaths in New-York, for four weeks, ending September 25, amount to 158. Apportioning the odd days agreeably to these returns, the deaths during the month of Sept. will amount to about 170.

The returns of the Board of Health in Baltimore have been occasionally intermitted; but if we may be allowed to judge from what have been published, the number of Deaths in that City, during the last month, will amount to 154.

Assuming these calculations as pretty correct, we are thereby enabled to give a comparative view of the number of Deaths in Philadelphia, New-York, and Baltimore, during the month of September; which may not be uninteresting to many of our readers.

Philadelphia.	New-York.	Baltimore.
284	170	154

Number of Interments in the Borough of Wilmington from the 1st to the 28th of September, inclusive, were 19 adults, and 8 children.

By a Table annexed to a Statement of Facts, published by Dr. William Currie, & Dr. Isaac Cathrall, relative to the origin, progress and nature of the FEVER which has appeared in Philadelphia this season, it appears, that, from the 4th of July to the 27th of September, 193 persons (of all ages and sexes) have been subjects of that disorder in, or derived the infection by immediate intercourse with, the Northern parts of the City, and Northern Liberties.

Of these 76 recovered—89 died—and 28 whose fate is not mentioned—21 were sent to the Hospital—1 to the Lazaretto, and a few died in the country.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Carr, Mr. John Keley, to Miss Maria Reehoe, all of this City.

On the 22d, at Springfield, (N. J.) Mr. Anthony Taylor, merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary Newbold, daughter of the late Caleb Newbold, of Burlington County, (N. J.)

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. William Fordan, to the amiable Miss Mary Fost.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 26th ult. Mr. William Lauck, of the Inspection Office, aged 21 years and a few months.

On the 28th ult. of the prevailing fever, Mr. Jesse Brooke, in the 33d year of his age.

On the 4th ult. after a few hours sickness, of a cholera morbus, at his seat on the Conestoga, in the vicinity of Lancaster, (Penn.) Gen. EDWARD HARRIS, in the 58th year of his age.—This gentleman was a native of Ireland. He arrived in this country before the revolution; and, during that period, entered the Continental Army, and rose to the rank of adjutant-general. In this character he rendered important services to his country. After the war he retired to the practice of physic, a profession in which he had been brought up. In the year '98 he was appointed a major-general in the provisional army of the United States. As a physician he was eminently useful; ever ready to the calls of necessity and distress, neither poverty nor condition were consulted in his visits. The benevolence and humanity he evinced in gratuitously giving his professional aid to the poor and sick, crown all the distinguished acts of his life; and will cause his name to be long revered, and long lamented, by those who have experienced his assistance, and who may stand in need of medical aid.—Affectionate as a husband, tender as a parent, and useful as a citizen and physician, he has left a disconsolate widow and six small children, with a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance, to bewail his decease. *Multa ille bonis flebilis occidit.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Verses written on the death of a young lady," by Florio, shall appear next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN.

I have transmitted the enclosed Reflections for your approbation. If you think them worthy a place in your useful Repository, you will oblige the author by giving them an insertion; who, at the same time, requests the editor to screen them from the rapacious fangs of criticism, should any critic be so completely ignorant, or so incorrigibly blind as not to see that they are beneath his notice. It is from a sense of their many imperfections that this caveat is introduced in the preface. The author therefore humbly hopes that his bantling may be permitted to pass unnoticed by these birds of prey; as his motive for writing was to amuse himself, and to impress the minds of others with some serious reflections on the most important subject of life, a due preparation for death, and by no means to court criticism.

REFLECTIONS

IN SUNDRY GRAVE-YARDS IN PHILADELPHIA.

AWAKE thou best affection of my soul,
Thou social tie of kindred mortals;
Aid me to ruminate among the tombs,
These sacred dormitories of the dead.
Here, let me sympathize with human nature,
Here, mix the kind emotions of my heart
With those who sadly mourn departed friends,
And drop the kindred, sympathetic tear.
What says this superscription? What? it gives
The most important lesson to mankind;
Let us review the sad recorded tale,
And learn to profit from another's fate.

INSCRIPTION.

Here lies beneath this sod, entomb'd in dust,
A favorite youth, cut down in prime of life;
Blighting the parents' fondest hopes and joys,
And mocking all their anxious expectations.

EPIGRAPH.

Reader! whoe'er thou art, this truth revere,
I once was healthy, young, unthinking, gay,
But now by death's cold hand lie mould'ring here,
To friends a grief, and to the worms a prey.
Thou too, must hence possess this drear abode;
But what is more important let me tell,—
Hence, at the awful judgment of thy God,
Thou wilt be call'd to heav'n, or doom'd to hell!

STRIVE THEN TO LIVE, AS THOU WOULD'ST WISH
TO DIE,
NOR LONGER FROM THE VOICE OF WISDOM FLY.

A solemn truth indeed, and clearly prov'd,
By all the generations that are past;
But strange! amidst such clouds of evidence,
Mankind still doubt, if ever they shall die.
If they deny this truth, I quote their lives,
A living testimony, clear and strong,
Which proves they live, as if they ne'er expect
To quit this earth, and meet a righteous judge.

Hark! dear Amelia, whence these piercing shrieks?
What melancholy notes accost my ear!
Perhaps 'mongst yonder group, some loving wife,
Is now consigning to the dust her spouse.
'Tis even so! I see her drooping form
Supported by the tender arm of friendship,
And th' dread words, "Earth to earth! dust to dust!"
Too well confirm the sad suspected truth.
Let us advance, perhaps 'tis one we know;
Then by condolence may we soften grief,
And mitigate by sympathy, that load
Which seems to press the sufferer to the earth.
Enquiring of a friend whose corpse it was,
That seem'd to claim such universal grief?
"It is the worthy CORYDON," said he,
"Whose life was one continual exercise
"Of goodness, friendship, constancy, and peace.
"A man endeav'd by twice ten thousand acts
"Of virtue, kindness, gentleness and love.
"One whose beneficence no limits knew,
"But whose necessity, or prudence set,
"His open heart prompted an open hand,
"His open hand dispens'd his bounty free:
"These crowds of poor, who now surround his grave,
"Bear witness by their tears to what I say.
"His was the house of call for the distress'd,
"Where misery bent her way, nor call'd in vain.
"Nor was his head less furnish'd than his heart,
"Wisdom had fixt her habitation there;
"And hence the lore of wisdom from his tongue,
"Distill'd in kind advice and rich instruction.
"The rich, the poor, the young, and ev'n the old,
"Repair'd to CORYDON; who ever strove
"To give them counsel, suited to their case.
"He heal'd the breaches discord oft had made,
"And kindly reconcil'd their jarring passions.
"He never fail'd to give them pious precepts,
"And confirm'd them by his exemplary life."

Thus far my friend.—I dropt a gen'rous tear
For CORYDON; when lo! the widow's sighs
Again assail'd my ears!—my bowels yearn'd;—
Again the ties of nature urg'd their plea.
Inconsolable woman!—wretched indeed
Must be thy case, to bid a last adieu,
And quit for ever such a friend and husband.
Would I had power to ease thy troubled mind,
And calm the storm of thy heart-rending sorrow;
But alas! how arduous the pleasing task?
To soothe a mind oppress'd with grief so just,
Demands an energy surpassing mine:
Omnipotence alone, is competent
To send the needed comfort to the soul.
O my Amelia! let us quit a scene
Too highly charg'd for sympathetic nerves,
And more than mine can bear.—
We'll now retire from this to yonder ground,
And there the spot survey,—the sacred spot,
Where little Richard* lies: there we'll indulge
In moderated grief, a gentle flow
Of kind paternal, and fraternal tears.
There memory—faithful memory, shall renew
The recollection of that painful hour,
Which number'd him amongst the millions dead!

Sweet little darling of my heart and yours,
This is the sacred mould that hides from us,

* A child of the author's.

His once so brilliant eyes, and lisping tongue,
Which inarticulately spoke his grief,
And intimated pains unutterable!
Blessed reflection! now remov'd from earth,
And all its sorrows; and ourselves resign'd
To the hard stroke that call'd his spirit hence;
Let's be resign'd then still,—all will be right.
(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

ANSWERS

To the Enigmatist, No. 4, page 286.

25. * * *
26. Pray meet me between two and three.
27. Effeminacy—sm in a C.
28. He is above doing a bad action.
29. If the stairs were not a-way, you could not get down.
30. There are more of them.
31. Ad-vice.
32. Indivisibility.

TO NO. 5, PAGE 297.

33. * * *
34. Effeminacy. (sm
35. Figure 8.
36. Monosyllable.
37. XII—VII
38. A hole in a stocking.

TO NO. 6, PAGE 302.

39. Put your thumb in one and fore-finger in the other, and draw a line up your thumb and down your finger.
40. E-pig-ram.
41. An equal.
42. Take S from SIX.
43. L. E. G.
44. The letter H.
45. By waiting till "the bird has flown."
46. Abstemiously.